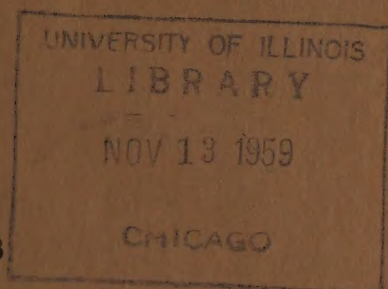


THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Until Tomorrow, Society

SUSAN SHUTE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

OPS-A-DAISY! I TRIP OVER MARY ANNE'S ROLLER skates. The swish-tap, swish-tap of the jump rope snaps a rhythmical beat on the hot sidewalk. The sing-song chants of the children in my morning recreation program form upon my own lips: "Mu-ther-Mu-ther-what-will-I-be?—Beggar-princess-orcap-tain-atsea?" As a youth recreation director, I witness the thesis of man in his simplest, undressed form. Children are not clothed in society's costume of discretion.

I turn my head toward the squeal of laughter . . . Judy is being chased by a boy with a dead spider. When Judy's long legs reach "home," the giggling huddle of girls closes about her as campaigners swarm upon their politician after the announcement of a successful fight for votes. Judy is the most popular girl in morning recreation, confident of being chosen pitcher in baseball, always first in hopscotch, future president of the local Woman's Club. Judy's position in society is and will continue to be that of the leader of our gregarious conformists, the followers.

Judy has two distinct types of followers: The Beths who do something because it is the right thing to do; the Arlenes who walk behind because it is the only thing to do. Righteous Beth is known as the girl who always reaches for the smaller half of the candy bar . . . is first to thrust her hand into the air to volunteer as room monitor . . . puts the checkers back into the box without being asked to do so. Society will claim Beth as Y.F.C. Christmas Basket Chairman and "get-out-the-vote" campaigner.

The freckle-faced girl who just missed on "Muther-Mu-ther" is the other type of follower—the Arlene. Arlene is known not as Arlene, but as That Girl or She. When asked to choose between strawberry or butter-pecan ice-cream, the Arlenes say, "I don't care." Only 45% of the Arlenes will vote this year.

At two minutes past eleven, the big black wheels of a gaudy yellow car click-clack over the sticky black top of the school yard. Judy climbs onto her seat by the front right window, and the Beths vie with the Arlenes for the rear windows. The righteous eyes of Madame Society rest for a moment on the tan of my legs which doesn't quite meet the plaid of my shorts. She presses her foot to the car floor, and I am left standing alone in an exhaust of gas. I pick up the frayed jump rope. Until tomorrow, children of society.

And True Love Came

MARK JUERGENSMEYER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THE BONGO DRUMS RAISED THEIR THROBBING BUM-A-dudda-bum to a wild crescendo, then suddenly leveled off to a placid bud-a-bud-a-bud-a, which was almost drowned out by the tinkle of beer glasses and the far-off crackle of gay sorority girls.

It was then, his beer glass poised in mid-air, that he first saw her. His body became rigid, erect. Not a muscle moved. He stared glassily, apparently not aware that his fraternity brother had just slid under the table, and his breathing kept perfect rhythm with the bongos' now syncopated boom-bud-de-boom-bud-de.

He watched her gaily partaking of chug-a-lug, her eyes rolling incoherently, her head bobbing as if tied to a yo-yo.

Gazing through the dense, swirling smoke coming from a hundred shouting, drinking, thinking men, he saw her from afar, and knew that it was real. His head swaying from side to side, he mumbled, "Baby . . . baby . . ." And the bongos echoed bud-de-bud-de-glip-glip.

His mind—his soul—was focused on her, and he scarcely noticed that his beer glass had slipped from his fingers and the amber liquid was being absorbed by his paisley shirt and olive cord pants, or that his fraternity brother was being dragged by his feet to the door by one of the waiters. He could only gaze upon her and observe her graceful campus poise.

Careening dangerously to one side, she steadied herself on a chair as she wobbled towards the bar. He blushed in rapture as he noticed the way she pitched her hips from side to side, in perfect time to the bongos' de-blip-bud-de-bud-de-blip-blip. Every other measure, just as the bongos would come through with a de-blip, both of her arms would quickly flip straight out, occasionally toppling someone's Schlitz or catching an unfortunate student in the eye. She would keep that position for a second, swaying slightly, then continue on until the next measure.

And he muttered, "Baby . . . baby . . ." And the bongos echoed bud-de-bud-de-glip-glip.

Then, suddenly, she turned, and the bongos came to an abrupt halt. Peering through the swirling, smoky cloud, she saw him. She saw his nodding head and red eyes and stained paisley shirt and olive cord pants, and she knew that it was real.

The bongos started rapidly again, their constant bud-de-bud-de-glip-glip rising like a bird over the confused mutterings of the crowd.

And true love came, once again, to the college campus.

The Eccentric

ILMAR WALDNER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE USUAL DEFINITION OF AN ECCENTRIC IS "ONE WHO deviates from regularity." Most of us, however, have a mental image of an eccentric which cannot be expressed in such general terms. We need a more specific definition—a definition that can more closely convey our mental image.

Truly, the eccentric deviates from regularity, but so does the lunatic, the criminal, and the tramp. We cannot, however, classify the lunatic or the criminal as eccentric, for the lunatic is mentally deranged and the usual criminal or tramp can hardly be considered as an uncommon species. In a sense, indeed, each of us deviates from regularity in some cases, and yet all of us cannot be called eccentric. We see that we need some means for differentiating the eccentric from the other types of personalities who could fit into this broad classification.

It is obvious why we would not classify the lunatic or the criminal as eccentric, but is it quite as obvious why the high-fidelity enthusiast, the motorcyclist, the man who throws precious vases through plate glass windows, or the flagpole sitter could not be called eccentric? Perhaps by examining the more subtle differences found here we may be able to better distinguish the eccentric from the rest of the large group into which the dictionary definition has placed him.

I would not like to classify the high-fidelity enthusiast as eccentric, for the high-fidelity fad is too common to be considered a true deviation from regularity. This same argument would forestall calling the leather-jacketed motorcyclist eccentric. Nor would I classify as eccentric the man who habitually throws vases through windows. Here we admittedly have a deviation from regularity, but we find that the deviation is irrational—it is a product of a deranged mind. In the same way I would refuse to call the flagpole sitter eccentric. While flagpole sitting might be called a deviation from regularity, the reason for the deviation is a search for publicity; it is not an action inevitable in the character of the person performing it.

I contend that we cannot label as eccentric any action that is rather common, nor can we label as eccentric any action that is maniacal or out of character with the man performing it. The true eccentric deviates from regularity in a way that is completely rational when considered in the light of his character. His actions are rational primarily because they reflect his character. They are not artificial, nor are they the products of a weak mind. Although these

actions may appear irrational to the world, they are nevertheless completely rational when viewed in the light of a different set of values.

When judged by a set of values in which a haircut rates quite low as compared to the fact that $E = mc^2$, Einstein's lack of interest in his personal appearance is completely rational. By using a similar set of values, we can see that it was not irrational for Winston Churchill to appear before the President in a bathrobe. Protocol became unimportant when compared to the idea that was to be presented. These men were eccentrics in the true sense of the word; their deviations were of the type that would seem almost inevitable considering the character of the men.

We may define an eccentric, therefore, as a person who deviates from regularity in a specific way and for specific reasons. He deviates in a way that is uncommon and for reasons that are lucid and in keeping with his character. By defining the eccentric in this way we express more closely the meaning that has come to adhere to this word.

When Is Death A Mercy?

BEBE PRITAM

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

AS THE DOCTOR LOOKS DOWN AT THE MALFORMED, twisted body of the newborn child, a noticeable line of pain and anxiety is reflected on his somber face. His questioning stare is broken only by occasional stirring of the object below, and his very eyes mirror distress.

He turns as the door opens and the freshly starched rustling of a uniform is near. He looks imploringly at the unyielding face as if searching for an answer; but, receiving none, he pauses momentarily, and then as if reassured, leaves the room.

Entering a long corridor, he walks abstractedly into his office. He carelessly flings his gown on the desk and sinks his frame into the huge leather chair. Moodily casting his glance around the room, his eyes rest on the framed yellowing paper hanging on the wall. Staring intently, he thinks of the significance of the paper in relation to the situation at hand.

The recurrent fluttering of the shade draws his attention from the wall to the outside world. The security that is felt in his room now drains away as he is forced to consider his society—the mass. Should he even contemplate a betrayal of the trust invested in him by society? He is not an individual, but instead an instrument of the people. He hasn't the right to question the moral code of the profession. The doctor shudders visibly at this thought.

The hoplessness of it all—how can he make them understand that this child will never lead a normal life. Through the impressionable stage of youth, this child will be subject to ridicule and abuse; the doctor thinks despairingly, the real mercy would be death.

His thoughts are now directed to himself as an individual. Does he have the courage of his convictions to go through with the act and accept the responsibility of the decision? He ponders thoughtfully.

With a heavy sigh, the decision is made. As the door closes, the rays of the setting sun concentrate momentarily on the goldness of the seal, and then slowly withdraw from the room.

The Accident

JOHN READ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

THE NEW LINCOLN ROARS OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL in the wrong lane. The youthful driver is glancing back over the seat at the laughing couple behind and never sees the school teacher's Ford. For a moment, the steamy-fragrant hills and valleys echo to the thunderous sound of the collision and the cicadas and crickets leave off their chirping until the screams of the dying fade away.

Ten minutes later, a red Buick driven by a large red-faced man in a Hawaiian shirt pulls up to the scene. The man stops, gets out, unlimbers his stereo, full-color reflex camera and shoots a full roll using a red filter and close-up lenses. After poking around the wreckage, he climbs back in his Buick and drives off.

Briefly, the tableau is silent except for the wind in the trees, the buzzing insects in the grass, and the drip-drip of some liquid onto the pavement.

Then, all at once, materializing in the way that crowds do at any tragedy, people are there, pulling up in cars, running from across a meadow, riding on horses or bicycles—there. As each one approaches, he stops in shock and horror. A farm hand, holding his pitch fork while he searches for signs of life; three college students arranging for someone to get the police; an old couple keeping to themselves and getting in the way; a girl quietly having hysterics in her car; a teen-aged boy making a show of being violently sick; a traveling salesman just standing and gawking. They were all there as they are always at the scene of any accident.

Finally, with a wail of sirens and blinding of lights, the police; and the crowd melts away. There is another accident down the road; a red Buick has struck a bridge abutment at eighty-five miles an hour.

The Athlete

JOHN H. WILLIAMS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 14

HIS SPIKES ECHOED AN EMPTY CLACK-CLACK AS HE climbed the last flight of stairs from the locker room out onto the concrete pavement. Before him, the lights of the football field illuminated the black, cindered oval. Thoughtfully he wandered across the pavement and through the plush, moist grass as his eyes took in the spectacle before him. Athletes were everywhere; the field events were just finishing, and the bleachers were filling rapidly.

A low-flying B-52 from the near-by air base caught his attention momentarily, and then his eyes swung back to the stands. They touched a familiar figure and moved on without recognition only to stop and return abruptly as the figure stood and detached itself from the crowd.

With interest, he watched the slow, ambling stride bringing his dad toward him. He wondered what this half-mile race meant to the man; he knew what he himself valued from it—a brief moment of glory from the roar of the crowd, the satisfaction of competition, and the praise from his coach's few words or his girl's unrestrained kiss.

The father walked on toward the single figure now moving toward him with a curiously slow, ambling stride. He observed the seemingly unconcerned features on his son's face, and he wondered if this was anything more than just another race to the boy. Just another mediocre half-mile to each of them?

"Good luck, son," the man smiled across the infield fence.

"Last call for the 880-yard run!" interrupted the announcer's loudspeaker.

"Yeah, thanks, Dad. Maybe better than fifth today?" He turned toward the starting line.

From his lane in the center of the pack, he picked out a figure in a purple and white uniform. "There's the man to follow. Stick with him all the way and you've got a good chance," he thought.

"Take off your sweat clothes," was the starter's command. The runners moved to the infield fence and draped their suits over the rail. He turned back to the track and felt it smooth and firm under him. He glanced down the track, picking a spot on the curve, and angling toward it in his imagination.

"Okay, boys, line up." The starter was again the center of attention. "Everyone set? Take your marks, get set . . ." The two second eternity of tensed and straining muscles was shattered by the crash of the starting gun.

Two short, choppy strides and he was out of the starting crouch. Fighting the pack, elbowing, breaking and regaining stride, he sprinted toward the

spot on the curve. The curve came all too soon. From his position in the middle of the pack, he jockeyed left and right trying to find a clear path. Off the curve and into the backstretch, the runners moved as a single mass. Then, abruptly, they thinned as each individual hit his own stride; and he pulled out and around one, two, and a group of three. There was his target, the purple uniform, just ahead; now he was running fourth. His stride was regular; his breathing was hard, but not yet forced.

Running rhythmically, the four moved easily into the second turn. Behind them, the rest of the field fought for position. Off the curve and into the straightaway came the runners as the noise of the crowd grew louder. Faster, faster, faster. . . . "Fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one . . .," roared the timer as the field swept past him.

With white-clenched fists, the man watched his son move out, pass two more men, and slide easily on the leader's shoulder as they reached the curve. "Come on, come on. . . . One more lap, you can do it . . .," came his silent words.

His spikes flashed brilliantly in the light. A swift chill of self-satisfaction swept through him, and he moved closer to the leader. He moved over slightly as they came off the curve. With rasping breath and heavily pounding feet, he moved up closer and closer until he matched the leader stride for stride. Faster, faster, faster . . . they moved together as one machine.

The stands grew quieter now as the crowd stood fascinated by the picture. Then, slowly, slowly, the challenger dropped back. One figure in the crowd still hoped, still shouted encouragement, but it was too late now. First one, then two, and finally a third and fourth runner caught him. Into the curve moved the defeated trying to summon enough strength to speed up again—to catch them.

But the father understood now. It was too late for the challenger—too much like life.

The Secret Life of Judith Leonard

JUDITH LEONARD

Rhetoric 102, Final Exam

"WAKE UP!" COAXED JUDITH LEONARD'S ROOMMATE. "It is nearly eight o'clock; you have to get up because it is study day." Judith gracefully slid back the blanket and stepped daintily out of bed. She dressed quickly in a simple pink and white organdy frock and ran a comb through her long, shining, naturally-curly hair. Down the stairs she walked, smiling charmingly at other early morning risers. On her

way to the dining room for breakfast she took her meal pass and the morning paper from her mailbox. One of the waiters rushed up to carry her tray, so she glanced through the newspaper while she waited for him to set the food on the table. "Oh how sweet, here is another article about me. It is just darling of that cute reporter to be so complimentary." She blushing listened to the approbation of the other girls as she nibbled her toast and took small sips of coffee.

"Come on, Judi, you are always the last one in the dining room," growled Dick, the headwaiter. "You should realize that we'd like to get the place cleaned up so we can study too." Judith's roommate commented that she was getting annoyed with always having to be among the last to leave after meals.

Judith and her roommate dragged themselves up the stairs to their room with its unmade beds and pajamas in the middle of the floor where they had dropped them in their haste to don the study day uniform, shorts and a sweat shirt. As they attempted to straighten up the mess, the phone rang.

It was for her, as Judith expected. The caller was President Henry asking if he could come over right away for some advice. "Well, I am rather busy," she replied, "but if it is important, I may be able to spare a few moments to help you." She barely had time to glance over her list of appointments for the day before the President arrived. She listened calmly as he blurted out his problem. He was panicky; for weeks he had been worrying about the portentous *veinte y seis de mayo*, and he did not believe he was strong enough to deal with trouble if it should occur. "There may be attempts to precipitate a water fight," Judith said thoughtfully. "I learned from last year's fight that you can not quell it with strong-arm tactics. Your only chance of preventing chaos is to use outstanding students to keep the situation under control. If that does not succeed, I will speak to the mob myself."

A pillow landing on her stomach diverted Judith's attention. "I've been calling to you for five minutes," stated Judith's roommate with the telephone in her hand. "Would you like to go to Lake of the Woods to study? We can ride out there with Jim." Judith agreed to go and collected equipment for studying: sunglasses, bathing suit, portable radio, pillows, and blankets. A short time later, she and her friends were sitting on the shore watching the ducks play in the water.

Deafening applause came from the audience sitting on temporary bleachers set up on the beach. They gasped as Judith Esther Leonard climbed to the very highest diving board. She stood poised on the edge of the board for a moment in her chic bathing suit and with a little smile executed a flawless four-and-a-half twist somersault swan dive. Unwilling to disappoint the crowd, she dived and swam at their demand for half an hour after her regular show. Several olympic swimming champions who were part of the audience rushed up to her after the exhibition asking for advice and begging her to give them lessons.

"You have been reading the same page for fifteen minutes," Judith's friend Jim said to her. "I thought you said you were awfully worried about the exam in that psychology course." Judith muttered that she had been thinking about the material and turned the next page in her psychology book.

Realizing that her fifteen minutes' review had adequately prepared her for the exam, Judith strolled confidently into room 100 Gregory Hall. "Good morning, Miss Leonard," said the professor, handing her the exam. She opened the examination paper and began to work rapidly and accurately through the 700 questions.

Diction

RICHARD WALSH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

AS A WRITER SETS HIS IDEAS DOWN ON PAPER, HE IS trying to lead the reader along a certain line of thought. The good writer, carefully leading his reader from one thought to another, has much in common with a man leading his dog from one place to another on a leash. The writer's leash is words.

One common error of writing is using words which are too general—a leash which is too long. The writer's mind flashes over the thought that the day is cold, wet, and dreary. If he is trying to lead his reader over the same thought with, "It is a poor day," the reader can cover a tremendous amount of territory on such a long leash. The reader's thoughts will be in the same area as the writer's, but the writer is thinking about the weather while the reader, whose thoughts the author was supposedly leading, is thinking about the argument he had with his girl that morning. Our dog-walking man is strolling along the sidewalk while his boxer is pulling on the leash out in the street.

Another thing that the writer must watch out for is using the wrong word entirely. When a writer tries to describe a military "corpse," he has lost all control of the reader's thoughts. The writer is thinking of an armed force, but the bewildered reader is thinking of a dead soldier. The contact between the writer and reader has been broken beyond repair. Our boxer has slipped out of the leash, but unlike the dog-walker, the writer goes blindly on, thinking he still has matters well in hand.

The good writer will scrutinize each word so as to be sure that no part of his writing will let his reader's thoughts wander far astray from his own. If the reader's thoughts are going to be allowed to wander aimlessly about, the reader could spend his time just as profitably daydreaming.

Holden and the Minor Characters

RICHARD H. PICKARD

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

THE FOLLIES, FOIBLES, AND GRAVE IMPERFECTIONS OF man are on parade as they are reviewed by Holden Caulfield. Mr. Spender, old and stooped and knobby-kneed, could offer learned advice and real regret about Holden's shortcomings, yet was himself reduced to "polishing the apple" when visited by his superiors at the school. His lifetime was spent and his only source of pride was the purchase years ago of an Indian blanket. Undertaker Ossenburger, who could speak of praying while driving his shiny big Cadillac, was detected immediately and unmasked in a "crude but amusing" incident in the middle of his speech. Holden's reaction to this hypocrisy was the label "phony." The bell hop at the cheap hotel was a "phony." He combed his hair to hide his bald spot, but he was 65 years old and carrying suitcases to live. Holden could feel compassion for him as he searched for a meaning to his own life. He easily perceived the moral of crime and punishment attached to Ring Lardner's story of the married policeman and the always speeding girl. He labelled Ackley "moron" because Ackley, however unknowingly, was the personification of all the unwelcome interference in Holden's life. He represented the constant pressure exerted to alter the direction of an individual's life. Holden's roommate, Stradlater, was a picture of the morals of the world. On the surface all was sweetness, neatness, and purity while beneath was the hidden corruption of the dirty comb and the hair not removed from the blade. And like the world, Stradlater was in love with himself. The demand to serve him, "Write a composition for me," and the haughty acceptance and strong criticism of the finished product implied that not only should you do this, but you must also feel obligated that I let you do it. Holden's mind was not eased by these observations, and his suspicions were easily aroused about the motives of his fellows. "I believe they serve steak on Friday only because the parents visiting on Saturday are sure to ask what was eaten the previous night." Still, Holden was not able to willingly destroy beauty. He couldn't throw a snowball at a parked car because it looked so nice; but a bus driver, suspicious of his motives, could force Holden to dispose of it before allowing him on the bus.

Holden clung to his golden image of Jane Gallagher, who wouldn't move her kings out of the back row. She represented a point of stability. Once crowned, those kings were there to stay. Any attempt to tarnish the image of Jane was intolerable, and Stradlater's mere nearness to her was enough. Some of the hidden corruption could rub off on her; yet in spite of his feeling

for her, Holden continually delayed any renewal of acquaintance, exemplifying the human tendency to wait until tomorrow to be better. He might well have feared what would be found after closer inspection of his beautiful image. In this regard, Allie, his brother, could be excepted. He was dead and beyond alteration, another point of permanence for Holden. He would always have the knowledge that Allie was able to give the gift of love and to accept it in return. Allie's death symbolizes the impermanence of the permanent and the futility of effort toward stabilizing love. The window smashing incident was a rebellion against that futility, yet again and again the fact of it was forced on him. When he visited Allie's grave it rained, and all the people ran to their comfortable cars while Holden could do nothing about the rain except let it fall on the grass growing on Allie's stomach. He purchased a record because it would please Phoebe. It was broken before he could give it to her, yet the pieces were worth saving because Phoebe would understand. She was a child, unaltered by adult values, who could love Holden as he loved her; and Phoebe would save the pieces feeling their meaning without the necessity for analyzing it. Allie, although dead, and Phoebe, alive, were real people to Holden. Not phony ones, or moronic ones, but real because they had the capacity to give and receive love.

Holden met few real people and as a defense against the phonies developed the ability to lie fluently to those he distrusted. Mrs. Morrow, his train companion, was not immediately welcome; so he erected a low barrier of lies that he could, if necessary, hide behind. He soon realized it was not necessary and finding Mrs. Morrow a sincere person (perhaps not real, but at least sincere) Holden regretted the lies. Neither did he wish to hurt Mrs. Morrow with the truth of her son's character, so he invented still more lies to build a new character that would please Mrs. Morrow. This fits the recurring theme of crime and punishment yet shows Holden's capacity for compassion. The nuns too were sincere, possibly even real, and Holden showed his affection in his strongest possible way. He was truthful with them and their acceptance of him filled him with loneliness when they left. The child that needed help with her skate was real, as all children are real. She had not yet learned to demand and reject. She could say "Thank you" and mean it still.

Each person that Holden met typifies some facet of humanity. Perhaps Mr. Antolini offered the widest range of values. He was quite able to correctly analyze the moral needs of a real man yet felt that most men give up in their search for those needs before they are even well begun. He could see the meaning of the psychoanalyst's statement that "a really mature man will live humbly for a high moral purpose while an immature man will die nobly for it," and in spite of his perception of that meaning he was incapable of fitting himself to it. Holden Caulfield, like perceptive man, was left with the choice of conforming at the cost of disregarding the hope of love or escaping as a hermit or mental case.

The Rock

SANDRA BARTHOLMEY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

THE ROCK DID NOT LOOK AS IF IT WERE ANY GREAT DISTANCE away. It was fascinating, as are all lonely and forbidding places, and intriguing because there was a hint of danger in the thought of trying to swim to it. I felt mockery in the challenge the rock threw at me, and I heard the scornful laugh of the waves as they rolled in around my feet. I knew I had to conquer the rock or admit to myself I was a coward. I started swimming.

I swam hard and fast, trying to fight the strong waves which were determined to keep the rock out of my reach. I looked up once or twice and was dismayed to find that my destination seemed as inaccessible as before, though I had been swimming steadily. But my determination mounted, and I refused to give in. I swam on and on for what seemed like hours before I decided to tread water for a minute. I could feel the icy fingers of the water clutch my legs as they drifted downward. The sun's rays could never penetrate these deep waters.

My common sense debated with my pride; I could turn back (it was easier going with the waves), or I could go on, despite my ebbing strength. My pride and stubbornness won out. I had to make it to the rock. I struck out once more with a feeling of numbness beginning to envelop me.

Panic did not creep into my arms and legs until I realized that the rock was a great deal farther out than I had first thought it to be. My limbs would not obey my half-functioning brain's frantic commands, but I forced them into coordination with more will-power than strength. How long I fought this way is hard to tell, but at last the rock was only a few strokes away. I pushed myself in a final effort and clung to the rock, physically and mentally exhausted. It was as though I had been through a grueling exam which I knew I had passed only by sheer will power and endurance.

I clutched the rock as a child clutches his father's hand for confidence and felt the slime of many years ooze through my fingers. The sharp, protruding edges scratched and scraped my body as I dragged myself, exhausted, out of reach of the angry waters. I lay panting on the rock, but exhilarated in the knowledge that I had met my challenger and conquered it in its own realm.

As I rested, regaining my strength, I looked back at the black thread which indicated land. I was enraptured with the wild beauty and solitude of nature which is seldom found anywhere man has laid his hand. I felt, not as a conqueror, but as an intruder. I did not try to explain it; I slipped quietly back into the water and headed home, letting the waves carry me back to shore, away from the rock I would never disturb again.

Go Steady? Ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, . . .

CAROL HALLER

Rhetoric 102

THERE HAS BEEN A DRAMATIC REVOLUTION IN SOCIAL customs since Dad's generation. "Why, back in the good ol' days," you'll hear some "radical" parent say, "we believed in dating—none of this nonsense of 'going steady.'" However, this is the age of youth, and "going steady" has become the standard pattern for the social life of the teenager.

Would you believe three dates are sufficient ground for "going steady"? On the fourth date the boy anxiously jerks his size fourteen ring from his finger, expecting to place it on the girl's lily-white hand. Now the question of whether or not she should go steady arises in her mind. Meanwhile the boy's thoughts are involved in the many advantages he thinks he will receive from "going steady."

1. *He will save money.* Instead of going to the show, he will be able to sit and watch her television while she serves him cokes, potato chips, and sandwiches from the kitchen.

2. *He will have security.* He can call her at a moment's notice and expect her to be ready. It won't be necessary for him to call her two weeks in advance for fear she will have another date.

3. *He does not have to worry about his appearance.* Why should he dress up for someone he sees so often? Without feeling the least bit uncomfortable, he can appear in his sloppy blue jeans and drape himself on one of her mother's good chairs.

4. *He can make all the decisions.* Now they will go where he wants to go. If she's "going steady" with him, she will be interested in him and him alone.

With all these advantages of "going steady," the boy thinks only a fool would pass up this chance. He thinks, "This is a good deal!"

But there's another side to this story. Our little Miss demurely gazes at that big, gold, flashy ring and also has a few thoughts about "going steady."

1. "I can just see myself spending every night at home. There he sits watching television, while I'm preparing bologna sandwiches for him in the kitchen."

2. "And I wouldn't even be one bit surprised if he's just asked me to 'go steady' so he won't have to worry about getting a date to the prom."

3. "And, boy, can't I just see how he'd get those moldy levis from storage and wear them and I couldn't say a thing 'cause we'd be 'going steady'!"

4. "How 'kindly' he *now* lets me suggest where we go on dates and suggest other things when there's some decision involved. Come to think of it, he

really just makes himself do this—once that ring was round my neck, I wouldn't get a word in edgewise."

Sweetly, the girl looks up to the boy, who is wearing a very appealing smile. She smiles, too, and gives him her decision. She is sorry but she will NOT "go steady." The boy stands and stares, his mouth open—speechless!

Sorry, but this gal wants to be old-fashioned and go back to that good, old, almost forgotten custom of "dating around"!

The Language of Cigarette Advertising

DIANA SHORB

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENTS ATTRACT THE SMOKER'S eye. Most of these advertisements are very colorful; bright reds, blues, and yellows are usually the dominating colors. And too, the half- and full-page pictures are appealing. Another technique used is to show virile men in striking poses smoking the various brands of cigarettes. Naturally, this is appealing to the women, but men are also attracted by the advertisement because they identify themselves with the masculine, outdoor man of the Marlboro advertisement and with the shrewd, intellectual man of the Viceroy advertisement. Also, the situations in which the cigarette smokers in the advertisements find themselves are the situations in which most cigarette smokers would like to be. The appeal of the pastel spring scene of the Salem advertisement and the vicarious thrill of adventure in the L&M advertisement are good examples of this. But the picture itself is not the outstanding part of the cigarette advertisement; it is the wording which is attractive. However, these words are not used for their denotative value, but for their connotative value.

Connotative words are used in cigarette advertising to suggest pleasing associations and to provide emotional flavor and a favorable tone. For example, The American Tobacco Company, manufacturer of Pall Mall cigarettes, uses the following expression in its advertisement appearing in the December 12, 1958, issue of *Time* magazine: "So *friendly* to your taste!" *Friendly* has pleasant associations. It suggests that the cigarette is not too strong or not too mild. It also suggests that the people who smoke these cigarettes are friendly because their cigarette is "friendly." The same thing is true of the Lucky Strike advertisement that is shown in the January 11, 1959, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, which states: "Get the honest taste of a Lucky Strike." Taste cannot be honest, but the word suggests that the

person who smokes Lucky Strike is honest. A third example may be cited in the August 25, 1958, issue of *Life* magazine in which an Old Gold advertisement appears. It reads: ". . . for a cool, mild, clean taste!" *Clean* is an implausible adjective in this case. It appeals to the reader's sense of cleanliness rather than to his appreciation of a good smoke.

The advertiser's aim in using connotative language in cigarette advertisements is to influence the smoker's emotions. By using words with favorable connotations, an advertiser may persuade smokers to buy a certain brand of cigarette. An excellent example of this is the Viceroy advertisement appearing in the January 3, 1959, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, which reads: "The man who thinks for himself smokes Viceroy." *Who thinks for himself* appeals to a man's sense of pride, and he is persuaded to buy that brand of cigarette. However, the paradox is that the man who buys Viceroys is not actually thinking for himself, but rather he is being led by the advertisement. If he were thinking for himself, he would realize that the advertisement was simply appealing to his emotions.

Two different brands of cigarettes use the word "real" in their advertising slogans. In the January 10, 1959, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, maker of Camel cigarettes, says about its product: "Have a *real* cigarette—have a Camel." What does *real* mean? All cigarettes are real; they are not made from synthetic products. And the slogan in the Tareyton advertisement, as found in the August 25, 1958, issue of *Life* magazine, reads: "The Tareyton ring marks the real thing!" In this case, *real* is ambiguous. It plays on the current desire for genuineness.

A Marlboro advertisement featured in the January 10, 1959, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* shows a husky, outdoor man with a tattoo on his right hand lighting a Marlboro for an attractive young woman. A caption in small print under the picture states: "The cigarette designed for men that women like." In the first place, *that women like* modifies *men*. How do the Marlboro manufacturers know that women like men with tattoos? Different types of men appeal to different types of women.

A comparatively new slogan in the cigarette field in "New 'soft smoke' King Sano," which appears in the October 20, 1958, issue of *Newsweek*. How can smoke be soft? There is no explanation of "soft" in the advertisement. Is the word a synonym for "mild"? At any rate, the advertiser is trying to use a new word to say the same old thing.

In the January 2, 1959, issue of *U. S. News and World Report* is a full-page advertisement for Winston cigarettes. It reads: "The big difference is Filter-Blend—*clear*, rich tobaccos . . . for up front of its modern, *pure-white* filter is *America's best-liked secret*. . . ." The underlined phrases hardly make sense. How can tobaccos be clear? The plants are opaque, not transparent. And the pure-white filter has nothing to do with the quality of the filter.

Rather it appeals to the sense of cleanliness of the smoker. How can a secret be best-liked? A secret is not a secret in the true sense of the word if a whole country knows about it!

The use of connotation in cigarette advertisements is misleading, for it takes advantage of the American smoker by playing on his emotions and his ego. Since different people are affected by advertisements in different ways, many different appeals are made to the smoker. These appeals, such as individuality, masculinity, sophistication, and romance, have been cited in the previous examples.

Even though the cigarette advertisements are misleading, they are harmless because they all say the same thing. Also, the readers are so accustomed to seeing superlatives in cigarette advertisements that the advertisements would be unimpressive if all cigarette advertisers did not say that their cigarette filters were best or that their product has rich, mild taste. For instance, all twelve filter cigarette advertisements I found in various magazines emphasized their new, improved filters, and thirteen of the fifteen advertisements for cigarettes commented on their product's rich, mild flavor.

The bright colors, the large pages, the handsome men, and the ideal situations are appealing to the smoker, but it is the connotative language used in the advertisements that persuades him to buy the cigarette.

Oh Come, Let Us Adore Him

AUDREY MEAD

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE, I MOVE THAT the following addition be made to the Constitution of the United States of America: "The one, true God revered by the people of America today is Santa Claus."

Before his birth, his coming had long been prophesied: "You'd better watch out; you'd better not cry. Santa Claus is coming to town." Our sacred Bible relates to us much about his life; but even before his birth, the good fairy Gabby Al said to his father Joseph, "Thou shalt call his name Santa, for he shall save his people from their desires."

The Bible tells us that at the time of his birth there were in the same country merchants abiding in their stores keeping watch over their stocks by night. And, lo, the dwarf of Santa came upon them; and they were store afraid. And the dwarf said unto them, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you advertisements of great joy, which shall be to all customers. For unto you is born this day in the city of Pole a benefactor, which is Santa Claus, the

lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in tissue paper and tinsel, lying in a doll buggy." And suddenly there was with the dwarf a multitude of the heavy host praising him saying, "Glory to Santa in the highest and on earth Christmas trees and toys towards men." These men hurried to see him. Others also came to see him. Three of these were advertisers from the East, who saw his sign in the skywriting! They brought this plump little babe gifts: bicycles and neck-ties and dolls.

And so this little child grew up—loved by some, envied by others. At the peak of the popularity he gained through his generous nature, he entered the city on the back of Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer. The people covered his path with Christmas trees and new clothes while they sang, "Hosanna to Santa Claus. Blessed is the king of the arctic that cometh in the name of cranberry sauce!"

But many were jealous of Santa's popularity, and they made false accusations against him before Pontius Navigator. His crimes were many according to these people. This one called him a spy because he was making a list and checking it twice; he was gonna find out who was naughty and nice. That one said he saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus last night. Another stated that Santa had a nasty habit of sliding down chimneys to gain entry to the houses of the populace. He and his eight reindeer had even been flying to the rooftops without a license. And so the trial went on through the night.

Finally a verdict was reached. Guilty! He was sentenced to the punishment of the cross. The horror of it all! This merry old soul was henceforth to be cross and mean. The punishment was to take place on Golgotha, and this crushed and fallen man even had to carry his own heavy bag of toys to that cursed hill. His anguish was great, and after much suffering, he weakly gasped, "It is finished." The jealous Easter Bunny and his followers were victorious at last.

Suddenly the earth went dark; somebody had pulled the plug to the Christmas tree. And the earth trembled: Children were throwing tantrums because they would no longer have their desired presents. Was this the way it was to end?

Three mournful days passed. During this time Santa was regaining his power. His lawyer worked diligently. And suddenly . . . a pardon from the governor! Santa rose victorious. The joyous shouts rang, "Santa Claus is risen today. Hallelujah!"

Many would not at first believe, but repeatedly they were reassured: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

And so Santa returned to his ever-growing band of followers. But soon the time for separation was at hand. He took his most diligent workers—those who stood in the cold winter weather ringing bells for the poor—to a secluded hillside. And he said unto them, "Go ye therefore into all the world,

and give a present to every creature. He that accepteth and is thankful shall receive more. He that thanketh not shall be ignored." And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, putting his finger aside his nose, he was taken up, and a sleigh with eight tiny reindeer received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward the north as he went from them, behold, two small men stood by them in dwarfish apparel, which also said, "Ye men of America, why stand ye gazing toward the north? This same Santa which is taken from you shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go."

This, ladies and gentlemen of the Senate, is the marvelous story of the life of Santa Claus. Down through the centuries to our present day, people joyously make ready for the return of Santa when the snow falls and the days grow shorter. Shopping and bustle reign supreme, and above all this commotion waft the joyous strains, "Hark the herald dwarfs do sing, Santa Claus will be our king."

Ladies and gentlemen, we cannot fight this national sentiment. It is our duty to make this suggested vital addition to the Constitution of the United States of America today and join America in singing, "Oh come, let us adore him—Santa Claus, the lord."

The Canals of Mars

ROBERT HOEHN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, SINCE IT WAS FIRST observed by Ptolemy in 272 B.C., the planet Mars has been a source of great fascination and controversy. Every prominent astronomer at some time during his career has described and drawn conclusions concerning his findings about Mars. In 1840 A.D., Beer and Maedler, a team of German astronomers, produced a map of Mars showing four fine streaks. Fourteen years later an Englishman named Dawes drew a sketch of Mars showing eight or ten similar streaks. An Italian astronomer, Father Angelo Secchi, named these streaks "canali" (meaning channels or grooves) and today they are called canals because of the corrupted English pronunciation of the Italian word *canali*.¹

Giovanni Virginis Sciaparelli, the director of the observatory in Milan, is popularly admitted to be the discoverer of the canals of Mars. This belief is untrue, but Sciaparelli did add some important facts to man's knowledge of the canals. First, his map of Mars showed about forty complete canals. These

canals were from three hundred to several thousand miles long, and eighteen to two hundred miles wide. An interesting feature of the canals, according to Sciaparelli, was the fact that every one either opened into a "sea," a "lake," another canal, or into the intersection of a group of canals.²

In 1879 Sciaparelli announced the "germination" of the canal Nilus. This phenomenon was described by Sciaparelli in this way:

A given canal changes its appearance and is found transformed through all its length into two lines or uniform stripes more or less parallel to one another, and which run straight and equal with the exact geometrical precision of the two rails of a railroad.³

Sciaparelli's findings turned out to be very controversial. It is interesting to note that he took no part in the arguments, but instead stated,

We conclude, therefore, that the canals are such in fact and not only in name. The network formed by these was probably determined in its origin in the geological state of the planet, and has come to be slowly elaborated in the course of centuries. It is not necessary to suppose them the work of intelligent beings and, notwithstanding the almost geometric appearance of all of their system, we are now inclined to believe them to be produced by the evolution of the planet, just as on earth we have the English Channel and the Channel of Mozambique.⁴

Sciaparelli's revelations caused astronomers to split into two groups. The first group denied the existence of the canals, saying that they were merely optical illusions. The second group accepted the idea of canals and put forth a whole series of theories explaining them.

Professor Percival Lowell, director of the observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, was a member of the second group of "canal men." Lowell spent twelve years in study and observation of the canals. He found that there were about 437 canals running in straight lines along great circles of the planet. The fact that these canals were so precisely geometric and were joined together so perfectly led Lowell to believe that the canals were constructed by a race of intelligent beings. He contended that Mars is further along than the Earth in planetary evolution because it has no oceans or mountains and because almost three-fifths of the planet is a desert. The intelligent population of Mars, he believed, had foreseen the inevitable end of the planet and had established plans to meet it:

With this motive of self-preservation . . . , and with a race equal to emergency we should expect to note certain general phenomena. Both polar caps would be pressed into service in order to utilize the whole available supply and also to accommodate most easily the inhabitants of each hemisphere. We should thus expect to find a system of conduits of some sort world-wide in its distribution and running at its northern and southern ends to termini in the caps. This is precisely what the telescope reveals.⁵

Professor Lowell's theories fascinated many laymen during the period in which they were published, but no professional astronomer would agree with him.

Another interesting theory about the canals was published by Professor Elihu Thompson. He believed that Mars was inhabited by a type of primitive animal. The changes of the Martian seasons cause the animals to migrate toward the poles, following the vegetation and the warm weather. Since there are no physical obstructions such as mountains or rivers on Mars, the yearly migrations followed the same path. Thompson believed that this repeated yearly fertilization on the paths of migration caused vegetation to grow, and left the rest of the planet a barren desert.⁶

Around 1907, the noted astronomer, William H. Pickering, who was a "believer" in the canals and a longtime observer of Mars, produced his "aerial deposition theory." Pickering agreed with Lowell and Thompson that water was very scarce on Mars. He stated that rain, sweeping across the planet, would cause vegetation to spring up along its course and thus produce uniform bands which would resemble canals. Many astronomers found fault with Pickering's theories because he didn't explain the "germination" or double-canal phenomenon. Pickering was one of the last "early" astronomers to present an explanation of the canals of Mars.⁷

The current theories concerning the canals of Mars are also very numerous. In 1950, Mr. Clyde Tombaugh, the discoverer of the planet Pluto, stated that he had observed the canals and put forth a theory to explain them. Mr. Tombaugh believes that the canals are due to faults in the Martian crust and that the seasonal changes are due to a hardy type of plant life which survives in these faults.⁸ This theory is one of the so-called "physical explanations" of the canals, and it reminds us somewhat of the theory explained by the Swedish chemist Arrhenius around 1910.

Arrhenius said that the canals were caused by natural fissures and cracks which were made by earthquakes. These cracks on Mars are longer than those on earth because of the lower gravity and the thicker crust (for Mars is much older than Earth geologically). The seasonal changes in color are due to minerals in the fissures which change color with changes in temperature and humidity.⁹

In 1952 Gerard De Vaucouleurs, a noted French astronomer, proposed a theory which is accepted by some modern astronomers. He first explained that the mere existence of the dark areas of Mars shows that the surface cannot be dead. Vaucouleurs stated,

A suggestion of continuous chemical surface action, for example by moist salt layers or similar [phenomena] modifying the color of the depositing dust, must be rejected because no such surface action would withstand the pouring in of the deposits for millions of centuries.

Organic life probably in the form of vegetation defying the sand drifts and feeding on the dust appears to be the only explanation.¹⁰

Some of our modern astronomers still cling to the old theory that the canals of Mars are merely optical illusions. Dr. W. E. Finsen, who heads this group of non-believers, maintains that,

The strange canals of Mars may be only optical illusions. "The canals," first reported in 1877, have been described frequently by astronomers. But photographs have failed to show them clearly and I suggest, after new observations, that they are "figments" created by straining to see something.¹¹

Modern methods of photography have turned most of the "non-believers" like Dr. Finsen into "believers." Dr. D. B. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan has discussed the importance of photography in observation of the canals:

Photographs have been taken, upon which features of a generally linear character can be seen in the location of the canals as mapped by visual observers. The photographs and the "visible canals" on them prove that human perceptions are subject to the same fallibility and illusions, whether we view Mars directly through the telescope or look at a photograph.¹²

Dr. McLaughlin develops an entirely new theory of the formation of the canals. He thinks that the canals are made of volcanic ash placed in patterns by the trade and monsoon winds near the Martian equator and that the colors are produced by the chemicals which compose the volcanic ash.¹³ McLaughlin's theory of the canals is a unique one, and very few of his contemporaries follow it.

On the other hand, the great majority of scientists and astronomers believe the assumptions of Dr. E. C. Slipher, an astronomer of the Lowell Observatory. Slipher easily crushes McLaughlin's theory, first of all by noting that the markings on the surface of Mars are absolutely immobile and that they grow larger or smaller during certain seasons. He also states that there is no evidence of volcanic action which would explain the faulting theories of certain scientists. Slipher represents many scientists when he says,

To me, the best hypothesis still seems to be that the green areas represent vegetation able to grow through the yellow dust deposited upon it from time to time.

In the light of our present knowledge, it appears that in Mars we are enabled to foresee what will overtake the earth in the fullness of time.¹⁴

There are many theories about the origin and development of the famous canals of Mars. Who can honestly say which of the hypotheses is true? Perhaps the mystery will be solved in the not too distant future by an increase in our theoretical and technical knowledge.

FOOTNOTES

¹ William H. Pickering, "Sciaparelli's Latest Views Regarding Mars," *Smithsonian Institution Annual Reports*, 1894, pp. 114-115.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 122-123.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 125.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 124.

⁵ *Mars as the Abode of Life*, Macmillan Co., 1908, pp. 210-211.

⁶ Willy Ley and Wernher Von Braun, *The Conquest of Mars*, Viking Press, 1956, p. 64.

⁷ Robert S. Richardson, *Exploring Mars*, McGraw-Hill, 1954, p. 151.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 152.

⁹ Ley and Von Braun, pp. 74-75.

¹⁰ *Physics of the Planet Mars*, translated by Patrick A. Moore, Faber and Faber, 1952, p. 137.

¹¹ Mars Swings Close, Reveals More of Its Secrets," *U. S. News and World Report*, September 14, 1956, pp. 76-77.

¹² "New Interpretation of the Surface of Mars," *Scientific Monthly*, October, 1956, p. 177.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 178-188.

¹⁴ "New Light on the Changing Face of Mars," *National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1955, p. 436.

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VAUCOULEURS, DE, GERARD. *The Planet Mars*, translated by Patrick A. Moore, Faber and Faber, London, 1952.

Rhet as Writ

If this type of individual would only try and be himself, he would find himself getting alone with others.

Digestion covers all the organs that a piece of food follows from one end to the other.

An authorized and experienced person can render the student more than the friend.

Her dinner guests took the dessert for granite.

One of my roommates loves to talk, especially when I am in the mist of concentration.

It was often said that "A great commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a man."

It is the fortunate housewife who is able to phone her grocer, repeat to him her specific desires, and later unpack them in her own kitchen.

Most of the comedy shows at least have live people on them.

Any person who would deliberately kill another is undoubtedly lacking in character. Such an act shows a sign of weakness, of being ill-bred, uncouth and selfish.

When I first came to the University I didn't think I was going to like it as well as I thought I would.

The witness was a little scared to talk because the prosecutor was getting him confused.

All the simplicity and hardships of life are evident to him.

The Contributors

Susan Shute—East Peoria Community

Mark Juergensmeyer—Carlinville Community

Ilmar Waldner—Greenview Community

Bebe Pritam—Wells, Chicago

John Read—Lyons Township

John H. Williams—University High, Urbana

Judith Leonard—Belvidera

Richard Walsh—Pekin

Richard H. Pickard—Fenger, Chicago

Sandra Bartholmey—Calumet

Carol Haller—Mt. Olive

Diana Shorb—Lakeview High, Decatur

Audrey Mead—Luther, Chicago

Robert Hoehn—Penfield High, Penfield, N. Y.

PRIZES

The editors are pleased to announce that this year prizes will be given for the five best themes in each issue of the *Caldron*. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of prizes is as follows:

- FIRST: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- SECOND: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- THIRD: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books.
- FOURTH: Five dollars worth of books.
- FIFTH: Five dollars worth of books.



We wish to thank the following bookstores for
their generosity in providing prizes:

CAMPUS BOOK STORE

FOLLETT'S COLLEGE BOOK STORE

ILLINI UNION BOOK STORE

U. OF I. SUPPLY STORE (THE "CO-OP")